

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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WHAT I LIKE.

BY COUSIN MAY CARPETON.
I like a sunny morning,
And sunny faces too;
I like to meet with old friends,
And sometimes meet with "new."
I like sweet songs at twilight,
When 'the sunsets in the west,
I like them all, but still, my friends,
There's not what I like best.

I like to watch the moonlight,
I like to cull sweet flowers,
I like to dance, when music
Fills up the golden hours.
I like to build air castles
When all the world's at rest,
Yes, these I like; but still you know
I do not like them best.

I like to go to meetings,
When I've got something new;
I like to go to parties, too,
And sit in the front pew;
I like to eat pineapple cream—
It is most confessed:
All these I like; but after all,
I do not like them best.

I like a nice flirtation,
In some cool, shady spot;
I like a bead to fan me,
When the weather's rather hot.
I like to go to parties,
In winking splendour dress'd—
Indeed I do—but still good folks,
I do not like it best.

But listen! I know some one,
With such a dashing air,
And such a splendid moustache!
And such sweet curling hair,
Who says this hand here will
Make him, oh! so blest!
So I'll be Mrs. Someone—
And THAT'S what I like best.

The Daughter-in-Law.

Mrs. Tompkins' parlor was in apple-pie order. Not a speck of dust on the shining piano, not a stray strand of the velvet carpet, not an atom of ashes under the well-filled grate. For Mrs. Tompkins was one of those thrifty souls who kept up appearances in spite of everything, and delight in handsomely-furnished parlors, while the kitchen is staid to the very closest degree of parsimony.
She was flying about, shaking out chair covers and arranging the little china ornaments on the mantel, in a manner that betokened a considerable amount of inward disturbance. There was a jerk to her elbow and a toss to her head, which foreboded woe to somebody or other.
"I am clear out of patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Tompkins at last. "I don't believe there ever was a poor mortal half so badgered as I am with poor relations. Why couldn't Harry have married a rich wife while he was about it, instead of Mrs. Glenn, who wasn't worth a red cent—only a governess at that? And now the poor boy is dead and gone, and left his doll-baby to a wife on my hand. I declare it's enough to make a woman crazy! Don't see why I should be obliged to support her because she happened to be my son's wife. Why can't she go to work and do something? Too much of a fine lady, I suppose, with her white hands, and long curls, and pink-and-white cheeks. Never brought up to do any chores about the house. Can't wash dishes, nor make biscuit, nor do anything useful. I am tired of this sort of business."
And just as Mrs. Tompkins made this emphatic assertion, the door softly swung open and a delicate girl of scarcely more than eight-tenths summers glided in. Her deep mourning dress gave additional fairness to a complexion that was like snowy wax, shadowed with the softest rose-tint of the cheek and lips, and the timid, fluttering glances of her dark eye indicated her position dependent.
"Can I assist you about arranging the parlors, Mrs. Tompkins?" she faltered, as if uncertain how her offer might chance to be received.
"No, Mrs. Tompkins Junior, you can't assist the old lady, with a loss of hercapaport."
"I couldn't think of allowing such a fine lady to soil her white fingers about my work. There, you needn't go to crying—I don't believe in people that have such tender feelings."
"I did not intend to cry," murmured poor Mary; "but indeed I could not help it."
"I tell you what it is, Mrs. Tompkins Junior," said the old lady, wrathfully, "you may as well come to an understanding first as last. Zephaniah and me sin't rich, and we've a big family of our own, and that poor, dear Harry, our sizar boy, has been dead and gone a year." Here Mrs. Tompkins mechanically pulled out a red-bordered pocket-handkerchief, and made a random dab at her eyes. "I don't see that you have any particular claims on us. So you'd better look out for a situation as governess, or do some plain sewing, as soon as you can, for to speak my mind, you've been sponging on us about long enough."
Mrs. Tompkins stopped, with her mouth shut together like a steel trap. Her daughter-in-law had grown very pale.

What are we Fighting for?

It is a curious hallucination that possesses the minds of some radical men, who, when they read of a fugitive slave sent back, or a negro turned out of camp, like any other strolling non-combatant, start up in fury and ask: "Is it for this the blood of the nation is spilled? Is it for this we are fighting?"—Why no, gentlemen, it is not for the negro, for his freedom or for his enslaving, that we are fighting. Why can't you get it into your heads that this war, practically and theoretically, has nothing to do with the negro? It is a war of white men, in a country settled by white men, inhabited and ruled by white men, and the war is for the good of white men and white men only. Yet these same gentlemen seem to argue in a manner satisfactorily to themselves, that when it is admitted that we are not fighting to enslave negroes, the converse must be true, that we are fighting to free negroes! A cotemporary gave us the other day a sad picture of a wounded soldier, perhaps a dying man, who had suffered in the war, and demanded if we thought all that man's suffering was for naught, connecting therewith the notion that it was for the negro's freedom that he had suffered and his comrades had died. A thousand probabilities to one that if the man were asked whether he had offered his life on the altar for the cause of the negro, he would repudiate the idea with scorn.
Never since the world was made did a nation pour out its treasure, its greatest treasure, the life of its youth and manhood, as this nation has been doing. In every mountain fastness, on every plain of the North, there is a cottage from which a son or a brother has gone to the battle field. In every city, village, and hamlet, from the prairies to the ocean, old men sit eyed, and mothers look out of the window, through blinding tears, for the return of the brave who have answered their country's call. Does the wind shake the trees with unaccustomed violence, there are a million throbbing hearts that beat quicker, even in the hours of sleep, lest the sound betoken disaster from the field of blood. Does the morning break pleasantly with the soft light of June, so pleasant in the old times, there is scarcely in all the land a home to welcome the son with gladness, an eye to brighten with the cheer of the summer light. The land mourns. Old women go tottering to the grave for lack of the support of the stout arms that lie nerveless by the Potomac or the Tennessee. Young eyes are darkened with long grief and young hearts are broken with the long long waiting, and the terrible story that comes at last. This is what they have done and suffered who are at home. And is all this for the glory of the past, the Union of the Fathers, the land of Washington?
And they who have gone, the hundreds of thousands who have given themselves to the battle, what have they gone for? They have endured, have suffered, have fought, have fallen, in the cause for which they have enlisted. Their graves are all along the banks of our mighty rivers. For what have they died? Follow one man of that army from his home through all that he has suffered; consider all that he has lost. He was young and strong, and he had hopes before, and affections around him. He broke the bonds of home, bonds known no where on earth so strong as here. He gave himself to the nation. He slept in the winter nights under the snow or under the stars—he lived in one year as long, for exposure and suffering and pain, as men live in seventy. He fought in battle after battle. The worst enemy that he met was the fierce camp fever that grasped him in hot conflict. In his delirium the cool breeze of the old home was on his forehead, and in his calmer hours he remembered the well at his father's door and longed for it, as David never longed for the water of the well of Bethlehem. Who can paint the terrible story of the battle of youth and fever in the damp and dismal tent of the soldier on the field? But he conquered that enemy, and another day he was on the battle field again, and in the midst of the smoke and slaughter, he remembered the blue eyes of the woman that loved him more than life in the apartment, and even then, as the memory of those beloved eyes blessed him, death came in at his breast, and the form that she would have sheltered in her arms against every human woe, lay on the plain, and the wild flood of war swept hither and thither above the unconscious clay. No—not unconscious yet—for once, his comrades, loving him for all that he had been of gentleness and yet of firmness, a hero in the field but a child in the camp, his comrades as they rushed by in the melee saw him open his eyes, raise his right arm, and though they saw it not perfectly, they knew that he smiled as he waved his hands once—only once—before the darkness came.
Will any one tell us what that dying gesture was designed to signify? Did it imply that in the moment of his passing, that moment into which life is sometimes compressed, when the soul gathers up all its memories to carry away with it into the other country, did it imply that he remembered all he had struggled for, all he had lost, and died content, because it was all for the Southern black man and his cause?
How can men do such foul dishonor to the soldier of the Union? What ever is the future course of the war, and whether the radical views gain supremacy so that it dwindles from the proportions of a war

Jack Rink and the Yankee

Few communities are more strongly imbued with a passion for horse racing than the good people of Natchez. In New York, folks talk "soger" and "engine" in Paris they talk horse. They believe in quadrupeds, and nothing else. To own the fastest horse in Natchez, is to enjoy the few simple of an honor in comparison with which a member of Congress sinks into nothingness.
During one October the "fall meeting" took place, and to more than the usual amount of excitement and brandy cock-tails. The last race of the day was a sort of "free fight" open to every horse that had never won a race; purse \$500, entrance fee \$25.
Among those who proposed to go in, was a yankee pedlar, with a sorrel colt, of rather promising proportions. He thus addressed one of the judges:
"I say, captain I should like to go in for that puss?"
"With what?"
"That sorrel colt."
"Is he speedy?"
"I calculate he is, or I would not wish to risk a load of tin ware on the result."
"Do you know the terms?"
"Like a book, puss \$500, and entrance \$25—and there's the dime."
Here Yankee drew out a last century wallet, and socked up two X's and a V.—Among those who witnessed the operation, was Jack Rink, of the Bellevue House.—Jack saw his customer, and immediately measured him for an entertainment. After the usual fuss and palaver, the horses were brought out, saddled and prepared for a single heat of two miles. There were eight competitors besides the Yankee. The latter was a smart sorrel colt, with a very fine eye, and a flit of the leg that indicated speed and bottom.
"Bring up the horses!" said the judge.
The horses were brought up, the Yankee gathered up his reins and adjusted his stirrups. While doing this, Mr. Rink went to the rear of the sorrel colt, and placed a chestnut burr under his tail. The next moment the order to "go" was given and away went the nine horses, of all possible ages and conditions.
The Yankee was ahead and kept there. "Tin ware" was evidently pleased with the way things were working, and smiled a smile that seemed to say:
"That puss will be mine, in less time than it would take a greaser nigger to slide down a soaped liberty pole."
Poor fellow! he hadn't reckoned on that chestnut burr. The irritant that Jack had administered not only increased the animal's velocity but his ugliness to do anything else. As the Yankee approached the Judge's stand he undertook to pull up but it was no go. He might as well have undertaken to stop a thunder bolt with a yard of fog.
The Yankee reached the stand—the Yankee went down the road. When last seen the Yankee was passing through the adjoining country, at a speed that made the people look at him as that comet, that was to make its appearance in the fall of 1851. Where the sorrel "gin out" it is impossible to say. All we know is that the Yankee has not been heard of from that day to this, while his "wagon load of tin ware" still makes one of the leading attractions in the museum of Natchez.

GOOD ADVICE TO DOCTORS.—A Bowery boy being cut short in a hard life by a sore disease, which quickly brought him to death's door, was told by his physician that medicine could do nothing for him.
"What's my chance, Doc?"
"Not worth speaking of."
"One in twenty?"
"Oh, no."
"In thirty?"
"No."
"Fifty?"
"I think not."
"A hundred?"
"Well, perhaps there may be one in a hundred."
"I say, then, Doctor," palling him close down, and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "just you go in like thunder on that one chance."
The Doctor did so, and the patient recovered.

DO IT AGAIN.—A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of ladies, away down East, this summer, in the enjoyment of some innocent social play. He carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed:
"Begone sir! don't insult me."
The gentleman instantly apologized for his seeming rudeness, and assured the half-offended fair one that he did not mean to insult her.
"No?" she replied archly; "well if you didn't you may do it again!"

SAMUEL'S VISH.

I want to marry—yes I do—
I want a little vish,
To comb my hair and wash my neck,
And be my all, my life!

Ven Adam lived in Paradise,
He didn't live content,
Till from his side a rib was took
And into woman bent.

Just think how Adam must have stared
Ven he first got a vake,
To find himself a married man
Vithout o'n wedding cake?

I'm verry shameful—yes I am—
I would save me lots of trouble,
To go to bed a single man
And wake up as a double!

Swapping Horses in Haste.
Says a Tennessee correspondent of the Louisville Journal: I have heard many anecdotes as regards the "skeddaddle" of Morgan's men from Lebanon, on the 31st inst, under the persuasive influences of Gen. Damont, with his brave Pennsylvanians and Kentuckians. One will show the peculiar tactics of the marauders. Dr. McDonald, of Rome, a practising physician, was riding a fine saddle-horse towards Lebanon, when he was met by the front of the flying rebels. One of them, a rough, burly fellow, commanded him "down from his saddle," at the same time presenting his pistol to the medical man. The Doctor like the traveler, who met by Damont, after his own stand had been slain by Lucullus, was in no condition to refuse, so he dismounted, and the rebel, tearing the saddle-bags away with their pharmaceutical contents, leaped into the vacated saddle and started off, head eastward, on a full gallop. The Doctor resumed his journey when skeddaddle No. 2 met him, and the same interesting ceremony was repeated, the nard not knowing that he was seizing a tired horse, which belonged to one of his companions. For his swap the Doctor offered a fine looking black mare, which had a severe sabre cut over her shoulder, and another on a tendon of her fore leg. Our friend began to think his chances of getting on very problematical, when No. 3 came up breathlessly and insisted another exchange, and this was repeated five times which led the Doctor to think that on a battle field there was always leisure to swap horses, though there might not be on a raft crossing a river in a freshet. Finally the Union pursuing party came on, and Col. Wynkoop, not knowing the Doctor, took him prisoner and held him until he was recognized by some volunteer citizens, who had joined the Federal forces. In the meantime Morgan had been chased nearly thirty miles, to Carthage, on the Cumberland, where there was a boat, on which he escaped over the river, and had no time to embark more than a few of his horses; all the rest fell into the hands of our troops, and the next day Dr. McDonald had the gratification of having his own horse returned, and ascertained that the wounded animal, of which he was the temporary owner on the previous day, was John Morgan's celebrated black mare, backed on which he had committed almost as many depredations as Dick Turpin on his "bonny black Bess."

ALL SORTS.

God's mercies are like a large chain every link leads to another, present mercies assure us of futara ones.
God washes the eyes with tears until they can behold the land where tears shall be no more.
The soul is sepulchred in the body; thus bodies go their graves, souls pass from theirs.
An old philosopher advises all men to "know themselves," which is advising some folks to form disreputable acquaintances.
The difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage horse, is, that one goes best when it is tired, and the other don't.
The Yankees, it is said, used to chase the almighty dollar, but not half so hotly as they are now chasing the rebels.
Silence is sometimes commendable. Persons cannot wash themselves clean in dirty water.
"My wife," said a critic, "is the most even tempered person in the world—she's always mad."
The reward of villains is various; some of them are hung, others cropped and branded—others elected to office.
Punch's Almanac advises the farmers to sow their P's keep their U's warm, have their B's shoot their J's tend their N's, look after potatoes' I's and then take their E's.
There is a good-natured bachelor so generous that, poor fellow, he would even give his heart away, if he could only find an interesting object to take it. What a pity!
We don't want men who will change like the vane of our steeples, with the course of every breeze; but men who, like mountains, will change the course of the wind.
Voltaire had a perfect horror of inquisitive persons. He said to one of these puffers, "Sir, I am delighted to see you, but I give you fair warning—I know nothing about what you are going to ask me."
"Julius, what did you get that coat?"
"Down here to Pull's."
"What's that?"
"Little ways down in Brantle street, what it says 'Pull' on the door. I pulled die coat, and ran out."
A Methodist minister, in presenting to the ward department a new shell that he had invented is reported to have said that he had preached hell in the abstract a good while, and was now anxious to give a little of it in concrete form.

UNION.
The land we love so well
Unsevered must remain—
All, to its farthest bound,
Shall be our own again.
The land our fathers gave
No traitor's hand shall sever:
'Twas one in glorious '76—
And shall be so forever.

The Wedding Day.
A gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman and won her heart obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church where he was himself in a village in Westmoreland, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout in London. The bridegroom took only his man, the bride her maid; they had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage, from whence the bridegroom wrote the following letter to his wife's father:
"March 18, 1672.—Sis,—After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you that the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother, though, he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons and shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the ficial dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence your most dutiful son.
"The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel. I am the happiest man breathing."
The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him draw his pistol the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charged them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into the room, and after a little fond ratiology on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and presenting it to her said, with the most graceful air whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery:—"Now, madam, repent of all these cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair." "Give fire said she laughing. He did so and shot her dead.—Who can speak his condition? He bore so patiently as to call upon his man. The poor wretch entered, and the master locked the door upon him. "Will," said he, "did you charge these pistols?" He answered "yes." Upon which he shot him dead, with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions he wrote the following letter to the father of his dead bride:
"Oh that I knew where I might find him?
The boy who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of his thought, cried out.
"I know where he is; he's in Descon Smith's barn!"

Woman's Grave.

We pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of calm indifference, but when we survey the grave of a female a sigh involuntarily escapes us. With the holy name of woman, we associate every soft, tender and delicate affection. We think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tried with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave to which she must soon descend.—These are something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises the soul far above the level of society. She is forced to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares and strewn his path with flowers in the hour of distress she is the rock which he leans for support, and when he falls him from existence her tears bedew his grave. Can you look upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always just done to his memory, woman never. Pages of history lie open to one, but in meek and unobtrusive excellence of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of a poet, the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the sterile path of existence, and felt for others as we now feel for her.

Saved by a Bible.
Among the wounded which arrived at Philadelphia, in the steamer Whittiden, on Tuesday night, says the Bulletin, was Captain Eli Dougherty, of Co. K, 93d Penna. Regt. (Col. McCarter's) with a slight wound in the breast. In the battle of Saturday a minnie ball struck him just at the heart or rather in the clothes over the heart. It went through his coat vest and shirt, and smashed a gold watch (which he had bought for his sister) all to pieces. The ball then went into a bible and dug its way through the lid and about six hundred pages. At the beginning of the 4th chapter of 2d Timothy, it went out of the Bible and inflicted a slight wound in the breast. It left its last mark on the first verse of that chapter. It is as follows:
"I charge thee therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom."
In the next breath to Captain D. was a soldier with a fearful wound in the leg. "I wish," he said, as we looked at the Bible, "that I had a book in the calf of my leg on Saturday."

SUTOR HIM.—The following specimen of a German advertisement was recently handed us by a friend.
"Runned away, strayed away, or stole away, mine pig black horse, sixteen hands and six inches tall; he was black all over his body but his head and flat wash black too; he had four legs two behind and two pelron, and when he walked and ran and day followed one after another. He had two black ears upon his head one black and the other brown, and had no eye on one side on his head and could not see anything but the fore before him. He had a fine pig head which he wore before him, and a long dale behind, wich I cut short de oder day and it is not so long as it vash before. It always stays behind except when he walks backward and den it comes in front. Anypody vat finds him and brings him to me pays me five dollers reward and no questions axed."

A PRINTER BOY IN BATTLE.—In the battle of Pittsburg Landing, young Martin Bean, of Alton, Illinois, scarce eighteen years old, was a Sergeant in the 13th Missouri, having entered the regiment as a private.—On that fatal Sunday the color bearer was shot down at his side; he caught up the flag, and carried it through the day, and slept that night with its folds around him. The next morning his Captain appointed him a Second Lieutenant pro tem. The first volley killed the First Lieutenant, and Martin took his place. Soon after the Lieutenant fell, and the Captain of Martin's company acted as Major, leaving this young hero to carry the company through the battle, which he did most gallantly and escaped unharmed. Young Martin Bean was in a printing office when the war broke out.

The following is a good story about a clergyman who lost his horse on Saturday evening. After hunting in company with a boy until after midnight he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text the following passage from Job:
"Oh that I knew where I might find him?
The boy who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of his thought, cried out.
"I know where he is; he's in Descon Smith's barn!"

WOMAN'S GRAVE.

When I've got something new;
And sometimes meet with "new."
I like sweet songs at twilight,
When 'the sunsets in the west,
I like them all, but still, my friends,
There's not what I like best.

I like to watch the moonlight,
I like to cull sweet flowers,
I like to dance, when music
Fills up the golden hours.
I like to build air castles
When all the world's at rest,
Yes, these I like; but still you know
I do not like them best.

I like to go to meetings,
When I've got something new;
I like to go to parties, too,
And sit in the front pew;
I like to eat pineapple cream—
It is most confessed:
All these I like; but after all,
I do not like them best.

I like a nice flirtation,
In some cool, shady spot;
I like a bead to fan me,
When the weather's rather hot.
I like to go to parties,
In winking splendour dress'd—
Indeed I do—but still good folks,
I do not like it best.

But listen! I know some one,
With such a dashing air,
And such a splendid moustache!
And such sweet curling hair,
Who says this hand here will
Make him, oh! so blest!
So I'll be Mrs. Someone—
And THAT'S what I like best.